





✠ The Play of the weather.

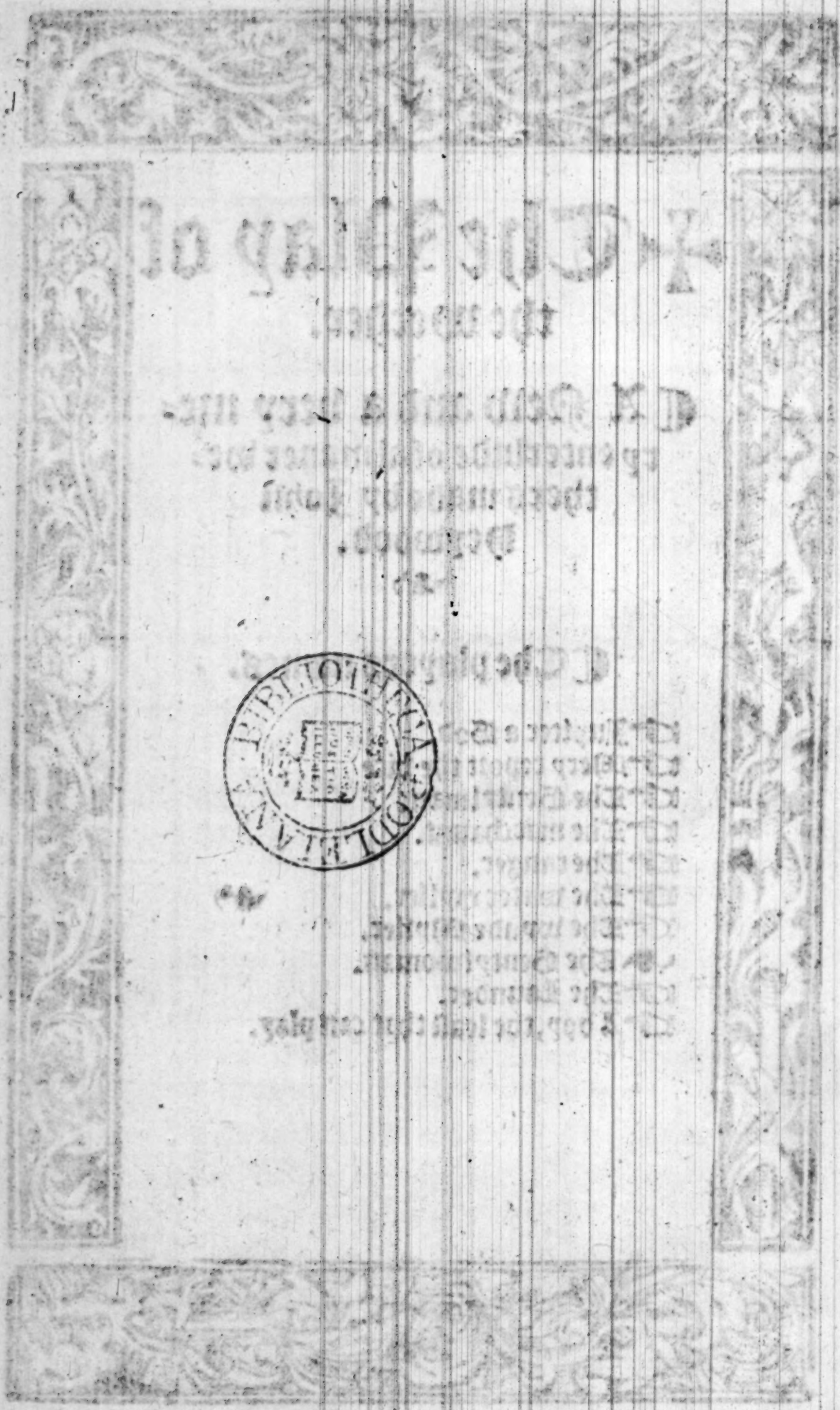
A New and a very me-
ry enterlude of al maner we-
thers made by John
Heywood.



The players names.

- ✠ Jupiter a God.
 - ✠ Mery report the vice
 - ✠ The Gentyman.
 - ✠ The matchaunt.
 - ✠ The ranger.
 - ✠ The water myller.
 - ✠ The wynde myller.
 - ✠ The Gentywoman.
 - ✠ The Launder.
 - ✠ A boy, the least that can play.
- 





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

OF THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

AND THE DIVISION OF THE CHEMICAL SCIENCES

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1900



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
OF THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
AND THE DIVISION OF THE CHEMICAL SCIENCES
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILL.
1900

Jupiter.

R yght farre to longe as now were to recyte
That ancient estate wherein our self hath raygned
What honour what laude geuen vs of very right
What glozy we haue had duely vntayned
Of eche creatour which dewty hath constrayned
For aboue all goddes syns our fathers fall
We Jupiter were euer principall.

If we so haue bene as truth it is in dede
Beyond the compas of all comparyson
Who could presume to shewe for any mede
So that it myght appere to humayne reason
The hye renoume we stande in at this season
For synce that heauen and earth were fyrst create
Stode we neuer in suche triumphaunt estate.

As we now do wherof we woll reporte
Suche parte as we se mete for tyme present
Chiefly concernyng your perpetuall comforte
As the thyng selfe shall proue in experyment
Which high y shall bynde you on knees lowly bet
Wholly to honour our highnes day by day
And now to the matter giue eare and well shall say.

Before our presence in our hie parliament
Both goddes and goddesses of all degrees
Hath late assembled by comen assent
For the redres of certayne enozmyties
Bred amonge them thozow extrenyties
Abused in eche to other of them all
Namely to purpose in these mooste speciall

All

Our

Our forsayde father Saturne and Phebus
Colus and Phebe these foure by name
Whose natures not only so farre contrarious
But also of malice eche other to defame
Hane long tyme abused right farre out of frame
The dew course of all their constellacions.
To the great damage of all yearthly nations.

Whych was debated in place sayde befoze
And fyrst as becam our father moſte auncient
With berde white as ſnow his lockes both colde and hote
Hath entred ſuche matter as ſerued his entent
Lauding his froſty manſion in the ſpyrament
To ayze and yearth as thing moſt precious
Pourging all humours that are contagious.

How be it he alledgeth that of longe tyme paſt
Lytell hath preuayled his great diligence
Full oft vpon erth his ſayze froſt he hath caſt
All thinges hurtfull to banſhe out of preſence
But Phebus entendyng to kepe him in ſylence
When he hath laboured all nyght in his powres
His glaring beamis mareth all in two howres.

Phebus to this made no maner aunſweryng
Wherevpon they both then Phebe defied
Eche for his parte leyd in her reproving
That by her howres ſuperflous they hane tryed
In all that ſhe may they poures be denied
Wherunto Phebe made anſwere no more
Then Phebus to Saturne had made befoze.

Anon vpon Colus all theſe dyd flee

Complayn

Complaynyng their causes eche one arobre
And sayd to compare none was so euill as he
For when he is disposed his blastes to blowe
He suffreth neyther sonne myne, raygne nor inctoe
They eche agaynst other and he agaynst al thre
Thus can these foure in no maner agree.

Whiche sene in themselfe and further confyderinge
The same to redyesse was cause of their assemble
And also that we euermore being
Beside our puyssant power of deite
Of wysdome and nature so noble and fre
From all extremptyes the meane deuiding
To peace and plente eche thyng atteimperinge.

They haue in conclusion holly sundzed
Into our handes as muche concernyng
All maner wethers by them engendzed
The full of their powers for terme everlastyng
To set suche order as standeth with our pleasynge
Which thinge as of our part no parte requyred
But of all their partes right humbly despyred.

To take vpon vs wherto we dyd assente
And so in all thinges with one voyce agreable
We haue clerely fynished our forsayd parlement
To pour great welth whiche shall be fyrme and stable
And to our honour farre inestymable
For syns theyr powers as ours addyd to our owne
Who can we say know vs as we shuld be knowne.

But now for fyne the rest of our entent
Wherfoze as now we hyther are descended

Is only to satysfie and content
All maner people whiche haue bene offended
By any wether mete to be amended
Upon whose complaints declaring their grieve
We shall haue remedie for their relese.

And to gyue knowledge for their hither resoꝛt
We would this afoꝛe proclaymed to be
To all our people by some one of this sorte
Whome we lyst to choyse here amongst all ye
Wherfoꝛe eche man auance and we shal se
Whiche of you is molte mete to be our cryer.

Chere entreth Mery repozte.

CMery repozte.

Brother holde vp your torche a lytle hyer
Now I beseeche you my lord loke on me furste
I trust your lordshipp shall not finde me the worst

CJupiter.

Why what art thou that approchest so nye?

CMery repozte.

Forsoth and please your lordshipp it is I.

CJupiter.

All that we knowe very well, but what I.

CMery repozte.

What I: some say I am I perle I
But what maner I soeuer be I
I assure your good lordshipp I am I.

CJupiter.

What maner man art thou shewe me quickely.

CMery repozte.

By god a poore gentylman dwelleth hereby.

CJupiter.

A gentilman thy selfe bringeth witnes naye

Bothe

Both in the lyght behauour and ataye
But what art thou called where thou dost resorte,

Mery reporte.

Forsoth my lord mayster **Mery reporte.**

Jupiter.

Thou art no mete man in our besynes
For thyne appareance is of much lightnes.

Mery reporte.

Why can not your lordshyp like my name
Myne apparell nor my name nother.

Jupiter.

To none of all we haue deuotion.

Mery reporte.

A proper lycklyhode of promotion.

Well than as wyse as ye seme to be.

Yet can ye se no wyse dome in me.

But synce ye dyspraysme for so lyght an else.

I pray you geue me leue to prayse my selfe.

And for the first part I wyll begin.

In my behauour at my conuynng in.

Wherin I thynke I haue ytell offended.

For sewer my cuttely could not be amended.

And as for my sewte your seruaut to be.

Myght yf haue bene myst for your honestie.

For as I be saued I shall not lie.

I sawe no man sewe for the offyce but I.

Wherfore if ye take me not or I go.

Ye must anone whether ye wyll or no.

And synce your entente is but for the wethers.

What skyls our apparell to be styfe or fether.

I thynke it wil dome since no man forbade it.

With this to spare a better if I had it.

And for my name reportyng alway trewly.

What.

What hurt to reporte a sad matter merely
As by occasion for the same entent
To a certaine wydowe this dape was I sent
Whose husbandes departed without her wittinge
A speciall good louer and she his owne sweettinge
To whome at my cominge I cast suche a fygure
Mynghed the matter accordyng to my nature
That when we departed aboue al other thinges
She thanketh me hartely for my mery tidnynges
And if I had not handled it merely
Perchaunce she might haue taken it heuely
But in suche fashion I coniured and bounde her
That I left her merier then I founde her
What man may compare to shewe the like comforte
That dayly is shewed by me Mery reporte
And for your purpose at this time ment
For all wethers I am so indifferent
Without affeccion standing so bryght
Son lyght mone light ster light thy light to the light
Cold hete moist drie hail rain frost snow lightning thunder
Cloudy misty windy fayre sowle aboue head or vnder
Temperate or distemperate what euer it be
I promise your lordshipp all is one to me.

Jupiter.

Well sone considering thine indifferenc
And partly the rest of thy declaracion
We make the our seruaunt and immediatly
Well wyl thou depart and cause proclamacion
Publischyng our pleasure to every nacion
Whiche thing ones done with all diligence
Make thy retorne againe to this ptesence.

Here to receiue all seuters of eche degre

And

And suche as to the may seme moſte metely
We will thou bring them be oze our maieste
And for the rest that be not so woꝛthy
Make thou repoꝛte to vs effectually
So that we may heare eche maner ſebote at large
Thus ſe thou departe and loke vpon thy charge.

C Mery repoꝛt.

Now good my lord god our lady be wyth ye
Frendes a ſelyſhyꝛ let me go by ye
Thynke ye I may ſtande thruſtyng among you there
Nay by god I muſt thruſte aboute other gere.

C Mery repoꝛt go. th out.

At thende of this ſtaf the god hath a ſong played
in his trone oz Mery repoꝛt come in.

C Jupiter.

Now ſynce we haue thus farre ſet forth our purpoſe
A whyle we woll withdraw our godly preſens
To enbolde all ſuch moze playnely to dyſcloſe
As here wyll attende in our ſoꝛeſayd preſens
And now accordyng to your obedyens
Reioyce ye in vs with ioy moſt ioyfully
And we our ſelfe ſhall ioye in our owne gloꝛy:

C Mery repoꝛt cometh in.

C Mery repoꝛt.

Now ſyꝛ take hede for here cometh goddes ſeruaunt
Auaunt carterly keytrſes auaunt
Why ye Drunken hozelongs wyll it not be
By your ſayth haue ye nother cap noꝛ kne
Not one of you that wyll make curteſy
Come that am ſquyre for goddes precious body
Regarde ye nothyng myne authoritie
Now welcome home noꝛ tohere haue ye be
How be it if ye axed I could not well tell

B

But

But sure I thinke a thousand myle from hell
And on my faith I thinke on my conscience
I haue ben frō heauen as farre as heaue is heng
As Louin, at London, and at Lumbardp
At Baldocke, at Barfolde and in Barbary
At Canterbury, at Couentry, at Colchester
At wansworth, at Welbecke and at westchester
At fulham, at saleborne, and at fenlowe
At wallyngforth, at wakefelde, & at waltamstowe
At Tawton at Tryptre, and at Totnam
At Gloucestre, at Gylford, and at Gotham
At Harforde, at Harwicke, at Harowe on the hyll
At Suthere, at Southhampton, at Moters hyll
At Mallingham, at Wytham and at Warwycke
At Boston, at Bystowe and at Darwicke
At Grauelyn, at Grauesend, and at Glastenbery
Unge Gingiang Iabierd the parish of Butsbery
The deuill him selfe without moze leasure
Could not haue gone halfe so muche I am sure
But now I haue warned thē, let them euen chose
For in fayth I care not who wyne oz lose.

Here the gentylman before he cometh in
bloweth his horne.

Mery reporte.

Robt by my trouthe this was a good herpynge
I went it had bene the gentilwomans blowpynge
But it is not so as I now suppose
For womens hornes sound moze in a mans nose
Gentylman.

Stand ye mery my frendes euerichone

Mery reporte.

Say that to me and let the rest alone
Syr ye be welcome and all your meryn.

Gentilman

Gentylman.

Now in good sooth my frende god a mercy
And synce that I mete the here thus by chaunce
I shall requyre thee of further acquaintaunce
And brefely to shew thee this is the matter
I come to sewe to the great god Jupiter
For helpe of thinges concerning my recreation
According to his late proclamation.

Mery report.

Mary and I am he that this must spede
But fyrst tell me what be ye in dede.

Gentylman.

Forsoth good frende I am a gentylman;

Mery reporte.

A goodly occupacion by saynt Anne
On my fayth your mayship hath a mery life
But who maketh all these hornes your self or your wyfe
May euen in earnest I aske you this question.

Gentylman.

Now by my trouth thou art a mery one.

Mery report.

In fayth of vs both I thynke neuer one sad
For I am not so mery but ye seme as mad
But stande ye still and take a lytel payne
I wyll come to you by and by agayne
Now gracious god if your will so be
I pray ye let me speke a worde with ye.

Juppter.

My sonne say on let vs here thy minde.

Mery report.

My lord there standeth a sewter euen here behinde
A gentilman in ponder corner
And as I thinke his name is mayster hozner

B u

A hunter

A hunter he is and cometh to make you spozte
He wolde hunte a sow or twayne out of thys sorte

Here he poynteth to the woman.

Jupiter.

What so euer his minde be let him appete.

Very repozte.

Now good mayster horner I pray you come nere

Gentylman.

I am no horner knaue I wyll thou know it.

Very report.

I thought ye had for when ye did blow it
Harde I neuer horson make horne so go
As lefe ye kyst myne ars as blow my hole so
Come on your way before the God Jupiter
And there for your selfe ye shall be sewter.

Gentilman.

Most myghty prince and god of euery nation
Pleaseth your hyghnes to bouchsaue the herpynge
Of me which accordynge to our proclamation
Doth make apparaunce in way of besechynge
Not sole for my self but generally
For all come of noble and auncient stocke
Which sort aboue all doth most thankfully
Sayl take payne for welth of the comen flocke
With diligent study alway deuyling
To kepe them in order and unite
In peace to labour the increes of their lypynge
Wherby eche man may prosper in plente
Wherfore good god this is our hole desyrynge
That for ease of our paynes at times vacaunt
In our recreation which chiefly is huntynge
It may please you to sende vs wether pleasaunt
Dry and not mysty the winde calme and still

That

That after our houndes rournyng so merely
Chasing the dere ouer dale and hyl
In hering we may solow and to comfort thy cry.

Iupiter.

Ryght well we do perceyue your hole request
Whych shall not fayle to rest in memory
Wherfore we wyll yset your selfe at rest
Tyll we haue herde eche man indyfferently
And we shall take suche order vnyctually
As best may stande to our honour infynite
For welth in comune and eche mannes singuler profite.

Gentylman.

In heauen and yearth honoured be the name
Of Iupiter whome of his godly goodnes
Hath set this matter in so goodly frame
That euery wight shall haue his desyre doutles
And fyrr for vs nobles and gentylmen
I doute not in his wysedome to proude
Suche wether as in our hunting now and then
We may bothe tye and receyue on euery side
Which thinge ones had for our sayd recreation
Shall greatly preuaile you in preferring our helth
For what thyng more nedefull then our preseruacion
Beyng the weale and heddes of all comen welth.

Mery report.

Now I beseech your mastery whose head be you.

Gentylman.

Whose head am I: thy head what sayest thou now.

Mery report.

Nay I thynke it very trew so god me helpe
For I haue euer bene of a lyttell whelpe
So full of fantasies and in so many fittes
So many small reasons and in so many wittes

Biii

That

That euen as I stande I pray god I be dede
If euer I thought them all mete for hede
But synce I haue one hed moze then I knew
Blame not my retoyng I loue all thynges new
And suer it is a treasoure of heddes to haue soze
One feate can I now that I neuer coulde befoze.

C Gentylman.

What is that?

Mery report.

By god since ye came hither
I can set my hedde and my tayle togethr
This head shall saue mony by saynt mary
From henceforth I wyll no poticary
For at al times when suche thynges shall myster
My new head shall giue myne olde tayle a glyster
And after all this then shall my hedde wayte
Upon my tayle and there stande at receyte
Syr for the reste I wyll not now moue you
But if we lye ye shall see how I loue you
And sir touching your sewte here depart when it please
For be ye sure as I can I wyll ease you. (you

C Gentilman.

Then geue me thy hande that promyse I take
And if for my sake any sewte thou do make
I promyse thy payne to be requited.
Moze largely than now shall be recyted.

Mery report.

Alas my necke goddes pittie where is my head
By saynt Iue I feare me I shall be deade
And if I were ne thinke it were no wonder
Syns my head and my body is so farre asonder
Maister person now welcume by my life
I pray you how doth my maistres your wyfe

Entreth

¶ Entreateth the Marchaunt.

Marchaunt.

Syr for the priesthode and wyfe that ye alledge
Ile ye speake more of dotage then knowledg
But let pas syr I would to you be lewter
To bringe me if ye can befoze Jupyter
Yes mery can I and wyl do it in dede
Tary and I shall make a way for your spede
In fayth good lord if it please your gracious godhpy
I must haue a worde or twayne with your lordship
Syr yonder is another man in place
Who maketh great sewte to sprake with your grace
Your pleasure ones knowen he cometh by and by.

¶ Jupyter.

Bring him befoze our ptesence sone hardely.

¶ Mery report.

Why where be you shal I not finde ye
Come away I pray god the deull blinde ye.

¶ Marchaunt.

Moste mighty prince and lord of lordes all
Right humbly beseeched your maiestie
Your marchaunt men thozowe the worlde all
That it may please you of your beniguite
In the daily daunger of our goodes and life
First to consider the desert of our request
What welth we bring the rest to our great care and strife
And then to rewarde vs as ye shal thinke best
What were the surplisage of eche comodite
Whiche groweth and encreaseth in every lande
Except exchaunge by suche men as we be
By wey or entercourts that lyeth on our hande
We fraught from home thinges wherof there is plenty
And home we bring suche thinges as there be skant

who

Who should afoze vs marchauntes accomplished be
For were not we, the worlde should wythe and want
In many thinges, which now shall lacke rehersall
And breuely to conclude we beseeche your highnes
That of the benefite proclaymed in generall
We may be partakers for comen encrese
Stablyshyng wether thus pleasynge your grace
Stoyme nor mystry the windes mesurable
That sauely we may passe from place to place
Bering our seyles for spede moste valeable
And also the winde to chaunge and to turne
East, west, North and South as best may be set
In any one place not to longe to sojourne
For the length of our viage may lese our market.

C Jupiter.

Right well haue ye sayde and we accept it so
And so shall we rewarde you ere we goo hence
But ye must take patience tyll we haue harde mo
That we may indifferently geue sentence
There may passe by vs no spot of neglygence
But iustly to iudge eche thyng so byright
That eche mans parte may line in the selfe right.

C Mery report.

Now sye by your sayth if ye should be swozne
Harde ye euer god speke so since ye were borne
So wofely so gentelly his wordes be shewed.

C Marchaunt.

I thanke his grace my leuot is well bestowed.

C Mery report.

Sye what viage entende ye next go to.

C Marchaunt.

I trust or midlent to be to Syo.

C Mery report.

Ha ha is it your mynde to sayle at Syo
Nay then when ye wyll byz lady ye may go
And let me alone with this be of good chere
Ye may trust me at Syo as well as here
For though ye were frome a thousand myle space
I wolde do as muche as ye were here in place
For sng that from hence it is so farre thether
I care not though ye neuer come agayne, hether.

CMarchaunt.

Syz yf ye remember me when time shall come
Though I requite not all I shall deserue some
Great Marchaunt.

Mery report.

Now fare ye well and god thanke you by saynt Anne
I pray you marke the facion of this honest manne
He putteth me in more truste at his metyng here
Then he shall finde cause why this twenty yere.

CHere entreth the Ranger.

CRanger.

God be here, now Christ kepe this company

CMery reporte.

In fayth ye be welcome euen very scantly
Syz for your cominge what is the matter.

CRanger.

I wolde fayne speke with the god Iapiter

CMery reporte.

That will not be but ye may do this
Tell me your minde I am an officer of his

CRanger.

Be ye so, mary I crie you mercede
Your maysterhip may say I am homely
But sng your minde is to haue reported
The cause wherfoze I am now resorted

C

Alcaeth

Pleaseth your mastership it is so
I come for my selfe and such other mo
Rangers and keepers of certayne places
As forestes, perkes, purlews and chaces
Where we be charged with all maner game
Smale is our profite and great is our blame
Alas for our wages what be we the nere
What is forty shillinges or fyue marke a yere
Many times and oft where we be flytting
We spende forty pens a yere at a sitting
Now for our bauntage whiche chesely is wyndesale
That is right nought there bloweth no winde at all
Whiche is the thinge wherein we finde most grese
And cause of my coming to sewe for relese
That the god of pite at this thinge knowinge
May sende us good rage of blusteringe and blowyng
And yf we can not get god to do some good
I wolde hyer the deuyl to runne thorow the wood
The rootes to turne vp, the toppes to bring vnder
A mischiefe vpon them and a wyld thunder

CVery report.

Very well sayd I set by your charitie
As myche in a maner as by your honestie
I shall set you somwhat in ease anone
Ye shall put on your cap when I am gone
For I se well ye care not who wyne or lese
So ye may finde meanes to wyne your fees.

CRanger.

Syr as in that ye speke as it please ye
But let me speke with the god if it may be
I pray you let me passe ye.

CVery reporte.

Why nay syr by the masse ye

CRanger.

[Ranger.]

Then wyll I leue you euen as I founde you

[Very report.]

Go when ye wyll no man here hath bounde ye.

**[Here entreth the water myller and the
Ranger goeth
out.]**

[Watermyller.]

What the deuil should skyll though all the worlde were
Sing in all our spekyng we neuer be harde (Dum
We crye out for rayne the deuyl speede drop will cumme
We water myllers be nothyng in regarde
No water haue we to grynde at any stynt
Whiche kepeth our myldams as drye as a stynt
We are bndone we grynde nothyng at all
The greater is the ppyte as thinketh me
For what auayleth to eche man his corne
Tyll it be ground by such men as we be
There is the losse if we be forborne
For touchyng our selues we are but drudges
And very beggers saue onely our tole
Whiche is ryght small as yet many grudges
For gryste of a bulshell to geue a quarte boile
Yet were not reparacions we myght do wele
Our myllstone our whele with her cogges & our tryndell
Our flodgate our mylpole our water whele
Our hopper our extre our yron spyndell
In this and muche more so great is our charge
That we wolde not recke though no brater were
Saue onely it toucheth eche man so large
And eche for our neybour Chyriste byddeth vs care

[ii]

where

Wherfore my conscience hath pycked me hither
In this to sewe accordyng to the crye
For plente of raine to the god Jupiter
To whose presence I will go euen bodily

¶ My report.

Sir I doute nothing your audacite
But I feare me ye lacke capacite
For yf ye were wylse ye myght well espye
How rudely ye erre from rules of curtesy
What ye come in reuelynge and recheptyng
Euen as a knaue might go to a beare baytyng

Water myler

All you here recorde what fauour I haue
Herke howe famplierly he calleth me knaue
Doutles the gentilman is vniuersall
But marke this lesson sye you shoulde neuer call
Your felow knaue nor your brother hozelon
For nought can ye get by it whan ye haue done

¶ My report.

Thou arte nother brother nor felowe to me
For I am goddes seruaunt mayst thou not see
Wolde ye presume to speke with the great god
Say discrecion and you be to farre od
Eye lady these knaues shalbe tyed shorter
Sye who let you in spake ye with the porter

Water myler.

Say by my trouthe nor with none other man
Yet I sawe you well when I fyrst began
Howe be it so helpe me god and holydam
I toke you for a knaue as I am
But mary nowe synce I knowe what ye be
I must and wyll obey your authorite
And yf I may not speake with Jupiter

I beseeche

I beseeche you be my solyter.

My report.

**As in that I wyll be your wel wyller
I perceiue you be a water myller
And your hole desyre as I take the matter
Is plente of rayne for encrease of water
The let wherof ye affyrme determynately
Is onely the wynde your mortall enemy
Water myller.**

**Trouth it is for it bloweth so alofte
We neuer haue rayne oz at the molte not ofte
Wherfore I praye you put the god in mynde
Clerely for euer to banysh the wynde**

Here entreth the wynde myller.

Wynde myller.

**How is all the wether gone oz I come
For the passyon of god helpe me to some
I am a wynde miller as many mo be
No wretche in wretchednes so wretched as we
The hole sort of my craft be all marde at ones
The wind is so weake it stirreth not our stones
Nor scantle can shatter the wytten sayle
That hangeth watter yng at a womans tayle
The rayne neuer resteth so long be the showres
From time to beginnyng til. xiiii. howres
And ende when it shall at night oz at noone
An other begynneth as sone as that is done
Suche reuell of rayne ye knowe well ynough
Destroyeth the wynde be it neuer so rough
Wherby syns our milles be come to stil standing
Now may we wynd millers go euen to hanging
A miller with a mozen and a mischiese
Who wolde be a myller as good be a thefe**

C l i t

pet

Yet in tyme past when grynding was plenty
Who were so lyke goddes felowes as we
As fast as god made corne we myllers made meale
Whiche might be best forborne for comon wele
But let this gere passe I feare our pryde
Is cause of the care whiche god doth vs proude
Wherfore I submytte me entending to se
What comforte may come by humylite
And now at this tyme they sayd in the cipe
The god is come downe to shape remedye.

Very reporte.

No doute he is here euen in yonder trone
But in your matter he trusteth me alone
Wherin I do perceiue by your complaynt
Oppressyon of rayne doth make the wynde so fainte
That ye wyndemylers be clene cast away

Wyndmyller.

If Jupiter helpe not it is as you say
But in few wordes to tell you my mynde rounde
Upon this condicion I wolde be bounde
Day by day to say our ladies sauter
That in this worlde were no drop of water
Nor neuer rayne but wynde continuall
Then shoulde we windmillers be lordes ouer all

Very reporte.

Come on and assaye how you thwayne can agree
A brother of yours a myller as ye be

Water myller.

By meane of your craft we may be brothers
But whyles we lyue shal we neuer be louers
We be of one crafte but not of one kynde
I lyue by water and he by the wynde

Here mery report goeth out.

And saye

And sye as ye desyre winde continuall
So wolde I haue rayne euetmore to fall
Which two in experience right well ye se
Right selde or neuer together can be
For as longe as the wynde ruleth it is playne
Twenty to one ye get no drop of rayne
And when the element is to farre opprest
Downe cometh the rayne and setteth the wynde at reste
By this ye se we cannot both obtayne
For ye must lacke wynde or I must lacke rayne
Wherfore I thinke good before this audience
Eche for our selfe to say or we go hence
And whome is thought weykest when we haue finysshed
Leue of this seruite and content to be banysshed
Wynde miller.

In fayth agreed and then by your licens
Our mylles for a tyme shall stande in suspens
Sing water and wynde is chiefly our seruit
Which best may be spared we wyll fyrst dispute
Wherfore to the sea my reason shal resorte
Where shippes by meane of wynde try from port to port
From land to land in distaunce many a myle
Great is the passage and small is the whyle
So great is the profite as to me doth seme
That no mans wysdome the welth can exteme
And syng the wynde is conueyer of all
Who but the winde shoud haue thanke aboue all
Water miller.

A mytte in this place a tree here to growe
And therat the winde in great rage to blow
When it hath all blowen this is a clere case
The tre remoueth no here byde from his place
No more wolde the shippes blow the best it coude
Although

All though it wold blowe doo bothe man and shood
Except the shyp flete vpon the water
The wynde can right nought do a playne matter
Yet may ye on water without any winde
Row forth your vessell where men wil haue her sinde
Nothing moze reioyceth the mariner
Then meane cootes of winde and plente of water
For comonly the cause of euey wracke
Is excesse of winde where water doth lacke
In rage of these stormes the perill is suche
That better were no winde then so farre to muche.

Wynde miller.

Well if my reason in this may not stande
I will forsake the sea and leape to lande
In euery churche where goddes seruice is
The organs beate bynt of halfe the quere twis
Which causeth the sound of water or winde
Moreouer for winde this thinge I fynde
For the most part all maner mynstrelly
By winde they deliuer theyr sound chesly
Fyll me a baggye of your water full
As sweetely shall it sounde as it were stuffed with wull.
Water myller.

On my fayth I thinke the moone be at the full
For frantike fantasies be then most plentifull
Which at the prude of their spring in your hed
So farre from our matter he is now fled
As for the winde in any instrument
It is no percell of our argument
We spake of minde that cometh naturally
And that is winde forced artypically
Which is not to purpose but if it were
And water in dede right nought coulde do there

Yet

Yet I thinke organs no suche comodite
Wherby the water should banyshe be
And for your bagpipes I take them as nyfulg
Your mater is all fansies and trifulg.

Wyndmyller.

By god but ye shall not tryfull me of so
Yf these thynges serue not I wyll reherse mo
And now to mynde there is one olde prouerbe come
One busshell of marche dust is worth a kynges raunsome
What is a hundzeth thousande busshels worth than.

Water myller.

Not one myte for the thyng selfe to no man.

Wynde myller.

Why shall wynde euery where thus be object
Nay in the hye wayes he shall take effect
Where as the rayne doth neuer good but hurt
For winde maketh but dust and water maketh dirt
Powder or syzop syz which lycke ye best
Who lycketh not the tone may licke by the rest
But sure who so euer hath assayed such syppes
Had leuer haue dusty eyes then dirty lyppes
And it is sayd syns afore we were borne
That drought doth neuer make derth of coine
And well it is knowen to the most foole here
How rayne hath prised coine within this .viij. yere

Water myller.

Syr I pray the spare me a lytell season
And I shall breuely conclude the with reason
Put case on somers day without winde to be
And ragious winde in winter dayes two or thre
Muche moze shall drie that one calme day in somer
Then shall those thre wyndy dayes in winter
Whome shall we thanke for this when al is done

D

The

The thanke to winde nay thanke chiefly the sonne
And so for drought if corne therby encrees
The sunne doth comfort and rype all doubtles
And oft the winde so lieth the corne god wot
That neuer after can it rype but rotte
If drought toke place as ye say yet may ye se
Lytell helpeth the wynde in this comodite
But now sye I deny your principall
If drought euer were it impossibell
To haue any grayne for or it can groe
We must plow your lande harrow and sowe
Which will not be except ye may haue rayne
To temper the grounde and after agayne
For springing and pluming all maner corne
Yet must ye haue water or all is forlorne
If ye take water for no comodite
Yet must ye take it for thynges of necessite
For washyng for shewyng al filth clensyng
Where water lacketh what bestly beyng
In brewyng in baking in dressing of meate
Yf ye lacke water what could ye drynke or eate
Without water could lyue neyther man nor best
For water preserueth both most and lest
For water could I say a thousand thynges mo
Sauynge as now the tyme wyll not serue so
And as for that wynde that you do sew for
Is good for your wyndmyll and for no more
Sye sith all this in experience is tryde
I say this matter standeth clere on my syde.

Winde myller.

Well syng this wyll not serue I wil alledge the reste
Sye for our myll I say myne is the beste
My wynde myll shall grinde more corne in one houre
Then

Then thy water myll shall in thre or foure
Be more then thynne shoulde in a hole yere
If thou myghtest haue as thou hast wyshed here
For thou desyrest to haue excesse of rayne
Whiche thynge to the were the worst thou couldest obtaine
For yf thou diddest it were a playne induction
To make thine owne desyre thynne owne destruction
For in excesse of rayne at any floode
Your mylles must stande styll they can do no good
And when the wynde doth blowe the bittermost
Our wyndmylles walke a mayne in euery colde
For as we se the wynde in his estate
We moder our sayles after the same rate
Syns our mylles grynde so farre faster than yours
And also they may grynde at al tymes and houres
I say we nede no water mylles at all
For wyndmylles be suffycient to serue all

Water myller.

Thou spekest of all and considerest not halfe
In boost of thy gryste thou arte wyle as a calfe
For though about vs your milles grinde farre faster
What helpe to chose from whome ye be muche farther
And of two sortes yf the tone shoulde be conserued
I thynke ye mete the moste noinber be serued
In vales and weldeys tohere moste commoditie is
There is moste people ye muste graunte me this
On hilles and downes whiche partes are moste baraine
There must be fewyt can no mo susteyne
I dare well saye if it were tryed euen now
That there is ten of vs to one of you
And where shoulde chiefly and necessaryes be
But there as people are moste in plente
More reason that you come, vii. myle to myll

Then all we of the bale shoulde clyme the hyll
If rayne came reasonable as I requyre it
We shuld of your wyndemylles haue nede no whyt
Here entreth mery reposte.

Mery repost.

Stop folysh knaues for your reasonyng is suche
That ye haue resoned euen ynough and to muche
I harde all the wordes that ye both haue had
So helpe me god the knaues be moze then mad
Nother of them both that hath wyt nor grace
To perceyue that both mylles may serue in place
Betwene water and wynde there is no such let
But eche myll may haue tyme to vse his fete
Whiche thyng I can tell by experyence
For I haue of myne owne not farre from hens
In a corner together a couple of mylles
Standynge in a marres betwene two hylls
Not of inherytaunce but by my wyfe
She is feofed in the tayle for terme of her lyfe
The one for wynde the other for water
And of the both I thank god there standeth nother
For in a good houre be it spoken
The water gates not soner open
But clap saith the wyndmyll euen streight behinde
There is good spedde the deuill and al they grunde
But whether that the hopper be dusty
Or that the mylstones be somewhat rusty
By the mas the meale is mischeuous musty
And yf ye thynke my tale be not trusty
I make ye true promyse come when ye lyst
We shall fynde meane ye shall taste of the gyst.

Water myller.

The coyn at receyte happely is not good.

Mery

Mery reporte.

There can be no sweter by the swete roode
Another thyng yet whiche shall not be cloked
My watermyll many tymes is choked.

Water myller.

So wyll she be thoughe ye shoulde burste your bones
Except ye be perfytt in setting of stones
Feare not the lpdger beware the rynnere
Yet this for the lpdger or ye haue wonne her
parchaunce your lpdger doth lacke good peckyng.

Mery reporte.

So sayth my wyfe and that maketh all our chekyng
She woulde haue the myll peckt peckt peckt euery day
But by god myllers must pecke when they may
So ofte haue we peckt that our stones war right thynne
And all our other gere not worth a pynne
For with peckyng and peckyng I haue so brought
That I haue peckt a good peckyng yron to nought
Howe be it yf I stycke not the better tyll her
My wyfe sayth she wyll haue a new myller
But let it passe and now to our matter
I say my mylles lacke nother wynde nor water
No more do yours as farre as nede doth requyre
But syns ye cannot agree I wyll desyre
Jupiter to set you both in suche rest
As to your welth and his honour may stande best

Water myller.

I praye you hartely remember me.

Wynde myller.

Let not me be forgotten I beseeche ye.

Both myllers goeth forth.

Mery reporte.

If I remember not you both a lyke

I woulde ye were ouer the eares in the dyke
Now be we ryd of two knaues at one chaunce
By saynte Thomas it is a knauysh ryddaunce

CThe gentelwoman entreth

CGentilwoman.

Now good god what a foly is this
What should I do where so muche people is
I knowe not how to passe in to the god now:

CMerp report.

Now but ye knowe how he may passe into you
Gentylwoman.

I praye you let me in at the backe syde.

CMerp reporte.

Ye shall I so, and your forsyde so wyde
Raynot yet but syns ye loue to be a lone
We twayne will into a corner anone
But fyrst I praye you come your waye hyther
And let vs twayne chat a whyle together.

Gentelwoman.

Syr as to you I haue lyttell matter
My commyng is to speke with Iupiter.

CMerp report.

Stande ye still a whyle & I wyll go proue
Whether that the god will be brought in loue
My lord howe nowe loke vp lustely
Here is a darlyng come by saynt Antony
And yf it be your pleasure to mary
Speake quickly for she may not tary
In fayth I thynke ye may wyne her anone
For she woulde speake with your lord hyt alone

CIupiter.

Sonne that is not the thyng at this tyme ment
If her sute concerne no cause of our hyther resorte

Sende

Sende her out of place, but if she be bent
To that purpose, heare her and make vs reporte.

Mery reporte.

I count women lost if we loue them not well
For ye se god loueth them neuer a dele
Maistres ye can not speake with the god.

Gentylwoman.

No why?

Mery reporte.

By my fayth for his lordship is right besy
With a pece of worke that nedes must be doone
Euen now is he making a new moone
He sayth your olde moones be so farre tasted
That all the goodnes of them is wasted
Which of the great wete hath bene most matter
For olde moones be like they can holde no water
But for this new mone I durst lay my gowne
Except a fewe dropes at her goyng downe
He get no rayne tyll her arysinge
Without it nede and then no mans deuyssyng
Could wythe the fashion of rayne to be so good
Not gusing out lyke gutters of Noyes flood
But smale dropes spryng softly on the grounde
Though they fell on a sponge they would geue no sounde
This new moone shall make a thing spring moze in this
Then a olde moone shall whyle a mā may go a mile (while
By that tyme the god hath all made an ende
Ye shall se how the wether will amende
By saynt Anne he goeth to worke euen boldely
I thinke him wise ynough for he loketh oldely
Wherfore maistres be ye now of good chere
For though in his ptesence ye cannot appere
Tell me your matter and let me alone

May

May happe I will thinke on you when you be gone
Gentilwoman,

Forsoth the cause of my comming is this
I am a woman right fayre as ye se
In no creature moze beauty then in me is
And syns I am fayre, fayre wolde I kepe me
But the sonne in sommer so soze doth burne me
In winter the wynde on euery side me
No parte of the yere wote I where to turne me
But euen in my house am I fayne to hide me,
And so do all other that beuty haue
In whose name at this time this sewt I make
Beseching Iupiter to graunt that I craue
Which is that it may please him for our sake
To sende vs wether close and temperate
No sonne shine no frost noz no winde to blow
Then wolde we Iet the stretes trym as a parate
Ye should se how we wolde set our selfe to shew
C Mery repozte.

Yet where ye wyll I swere by saynt Quintine
Ye passe them all both in your owne concepte and myne
Gentilwoman.

If we had wether to walke at our pleasure
Our liues wolde be mery out of measure
One part of the day for our appareling
Another parte for eatinge and drinking
And all the rest in stretes to be walkynge
Or in the house of passe time with talking.

C Mery repozte.

When serue ye god

C Gentywoman.

Who boisteth in vertue are but daboies

C Mery repozte.

Ye do the better namely synce there is no cause
How spende ye the nyght.

Gentylwoman.

In dauncyng and syngyng
Tyll midnight and then fall to sleppng.

Mery reporte.

Why swete harte by your false sayth can ye singe.

Gentilwoman.

Nay nay but I loue it aboue all thing.

Mery report.

Now by my trowth for the loue that I owe you
You shall here what pleasure I can shew you
One songe haue I for you suche as it is
And if it were better ye should haue it by gis.

Gentilwoman.

Mary syr I thanke you euen hartely.

Mery reporte.

Come on syrs but now let vs synge lustely.

Here they singe.

Gentilwoman.

Syr this is well done I hartely thanke you
Ye haue done me pleasure I make god abowe
Ones in a night I long for suche a fit
For longe time haue I bene brought vp in it.

Mery reporte.

Oft tyme is sene both in court and towne
Longe be women a bynging vp and sone brought doone
So farre it is, so nere it is, so nyfett it is
So trycke it is, so quitke it is, so wyse it is
I fere my self except I may entreat her
I am so farre in loue I shall forget her
Now good maistres I pray ye let me kysse ye.

Gentilwoman.

Kys me quoth a whynter for I wys ye.

¶ **Mery reporte.**

What yes hardely kys me ones and no moze.
I neuer despyred to kys you befoze.

¶ **Here the Launder cometh in**
Launder.

Why haue ye alwaye kyst her behynd
In fayth good inough if it be your myad
And if your appetite serue you so to do
Byz lady I would ye had kyst myne ars to.

¶ **Mery reporte.**

To whome dost thou speake foule boze canst thou tell.
Launder.

Nay by my trowth I say not very well
But by coniecture this ges I haue
That I do speake to an olde bandy knave
I saw you dally with your simper the cocked
I rede you beware he picke not your pocked
Such ydell huswyfes do now and than
Thinke all well womne that they picke from a mā.
Yet suche of some men shall haue moze fauour
Than we that for them dayly toyle and labour
But I trust the god wyll be so indifferent
That he shall fayle some part of her entent.

¶ **Mery reporte.**

No dout he wyll deale so graciously
That all folke shalbe serued indifferently
How be it I tell the truth my office is such
That I must report eche sewte litell of muche
Wherfoze with the god syng thou canst not speke
Trust me with thy sewte I will not fayle it to breke

¶ **Launder.**

Then leane not to muche to yonder gylet.

For her desyre contrary to myne is sette
I herde by her tale she wolde banysh the sonne
And then were we poore launders all vndone
Excepte the son shyne that our clothes may dye
we can do ryght noughte in our laundye
An other maner losse yf we shoulde mysse
Then of suche nycebyceters as she is
Gentelwoman.

I thynke it better that thou enuie me
Then I shoulde stande at rewarde of thy pytte
It is the gypse of suche grole quenes as thou arte
with suche as I am euer moze to thwart
Bycause that no beautye ye can obtayne
Therfoze ye haue vs that be fayre in disdaine:
Lauder.

When I was as yonge as thou arte now
I was within lyttell as fayre as thou
And so might haue kept me if I had wolde
And as derely my youth I myght haue solde
As the trickest and fayrest of you all
But I feared pails that after myght fall
Wherfoze some busynes I dyd me prouyde
Lest vyce myght enter on euery syde
Whiche hath free entre where ydelnes doth rayne
It is not the beauty that I dysdaine
But thyne ydell lyfe that thou haste reherfed
Which any good womans hert wold haue perced
For I perceyue in daunsyng and syngyng
In eatyng and drynkynge and thyne apparalyng
Is all thy ioye wherin thy herte is sette
But nought of all this doth thine owne labour get
For haddest thou nothyng but of thine owne trauayle
Thou mightest go as naked as my nale

He thynke thou shouldest abhorre suche ydel nes
And passe thy tyme in some honest busyness
Better to lese some parte of thy beaute
Then so ofte to teoberde all thyne honeste
But I thynke rather then thou wouldest so do
Thou haddest leuer haue vs lyue ydelly to
And so no doute we shoulde yf thou mightest haue
The clere sunne banyshed as thou doest craue
Then were we launders made and vnto the
Thyne owne request were small commoditie
For of these twayne I thynke it farre better
Thy face were sone burned and thy clothes the swetter
Then that the sunne from wyngyng shoulde be smytten
To kepe thy face fayre and thy smocke besmytten
Syz howe lyke ye my reason in her case.

Mery report.

Suche a raylyng hore by the holy mas
I neuer harde in all my lyfe tpyll now
In dede I loue ryght well the tone of you
But oz I woulde kepe you both by goddes mother
The deuill shal haue the one to set the tother.

Launder.

Promyse me to speake that the sunne may wyne bright
And I wyll be gone quickly for all nyght.

Mery report.

Get you both hence I praye you hartely
Your serotes I perceyue and wyll report them truely
Vnto Iupiter at the nexte leysure
And in the same desyre to knowe his pleasure
Whiche knowledg had euen as he doth shewe it
Feare ye not tyme ynough ye shal knowe it.

Gentylwoman.

Syz yf ye mayd remembre me first.

Launder.

Lannder.

Then in this medlyng my part shall be the worst.

Mery reporte.

Now I beseeche our lord the deuyl the burst
Who medleth with many I holde hym accurst
Thou hoze can I medle with you both at ones.

Here the gentylwoman goeth forth.

Lannder.

By the mas knaue I wolde I had both thy stones
In my purs yf thou medyll not indyfferently
That both our matters in issue may be lykely

Mery reporte.

Many wordes lyttell matter and to no purpose
Suche is the effecte that thou doest dysclose
The more ye byd the more ye babyll
The more ye babyll the more ye fabyll
The more ye fabyll the more vnstabyll
The more vnstabyll the more vnabyll
In any maner thing to do any good
No hurt though ye were hanged by the holy roode.

Lannder.

The lesse your sylence the lesse your credence
The lesse your credence the lesse your honestie
The lesse your honestie the lesse your assistance
The lesse your assystence the lesse abylyte
In you to do ought wherfore so god me saue
No hurt in hangyng such a raylyng knaue

Mery reporte.

What monster is this I neuer harde none suche
for loke how much more I haue made her to much
And so farre at lest she hath made me to lyttell
Where be ye Lannder I thynke in some spytell
Ye shall walke me no gere for fere of fretynge

I loue no launders that whynk my gere in wetting
I praye the go hens and let me be in rest
I wyll do thyne errande as I thinke best;

Launder.

Now wolde I take my leue if I wyll how
The lenger I lyue the more knane you

¶ Mery report.

The lenger thou lyuest the pite the greter
The soner thou be rid þ ridinges the better
Is not this a swete offyce that I haue
When euery dyab shall call me knaue
Euery man knoweth not what goddes seruyce is
Nor I my selfe knewe it not before this
I thinke goddes seruautes may lyue holyp
But the deuyls seruautes lyue more merily
I knowe not what god geueth in standing fees
But the deuyls seruautes haue casualtees
A hundreth tymes mo then gods seruautes haue
For though ye be neuer so starke a knaue
If ye lacke money the deuyl wyll do worse
But bring you streyght to an other mans purse
Then wyll the deuyl promote you here in this worlde
As vnto suche tyche it doth mooste accorde
¶ Kyte pater noster quies in celis
And then ye shall seng the strete with pour heles
The greatest frende you haue in felde oz towne
Standyn a tpp to shall not reche pour crowne

¶ The boye cometh in the lest that can play

This same is euen he by allycklyhode
Syr I praye you be not you maister god

¶ Mery report.

No in good fayth sonne but I may say to the
I am suche a man that god may not mysse me

Wherefore

Wherefore with the god if thou wouldest haue ought done
Tell me thy mynde and I shall shew it sone.

C Boy.

For soth sye my mynde is this at febe wordes
All my pleasure is in carchynge of byrdes
And making of snow balles and throwing the same
For the which purpose to haue set in frame
With my godfather god I would fayne haue spoken
Desyring him to haue sent me by some token
Where I might haue had great frost for my pytfalles
And plente of snow to make my snow balles
This ones had boys liues be such as no man ledde
O to se my snow balles light on my felowes heddes
And to here the byrdes how they flytter their winges
In the pitfall I say it passeth all thinges
Sye if ye be goddes seruant or his kinsman
I pray you helpe me in this if ye can.

C Mery report

Alas pooze boy who sent the hether.

C Boy

A hundred boyes that stode together
Where they herde one say in a cry
That my godfather god almighty
Was come from heauen by his owne accorde
This nyght to suppe here with my lorde
And farther he sayde come whole wull
They shall sure haue theyr bellies full
Of all wethers who list to craue
Eche sort suche wether as they list to haue
And when my felowes thought this wolde be had
And saw me so prety a pratelyng lad
Upon agreement with a great noys
Sende lyttell Dycke cried al the boyes

By

By whose assent I am puru eyed
To sew for the wether aforesayd
Wherin I pray you to be good as thus
To helpe that god may gene it vs

CVery reporte.

Geue boyes wether quoth anomy nonny.

CBoy.

If god of his wether will geue nonny
I pray you wyll he sell any
Or send vs a busshell of snow or twayne
And poynt vs a day to pay him agayne

CVery reporte.

I can not tell for by this light
I chept nor borrowed none of him this night
But by such myft as I will make
Thou shalt se sone what way he wyll take:

CBoy

Syr I thanke you then I may departe.

CThe boy goeth forth.

CVery reporte.

He fare well good sonne with all my harte
Now suche an other sorte as here hath bene
In all the dayes of my lyfe I haue not sene
No sewters now but women, knaues and boys
And all their sewtis are in fanlies and toys
Yf that there come no wiser after this cry
I will to the god and make an ende quickly
Oyes, if that any knaue here
Be willing to appere
For wether fowle or clere
Come in before this flocke
And be he hole or syckly
Come shew his minde quickly

And

And if his tale be not lyckely
Ye shall lycke my tayle in the nocke
All his time I perceyue is spent in wast
To wayte for me sewters I se none make hast
Wherfore I wyll shew the god all this proces
And be delyuered of my simple offis
Now lord according to your commaundement
Attending sewters I haue ben diligent
And at beginning as your will was I shoulde
I to me now at ende to shew what eche man wolde
The first sewter befoze your selfe did appere
A gentilman despying wether clere
Clowdy noz mysty noz no winde to blowe
For hurte in his hunting and then as ye knowe
The marchaunt sewde for all of that kynde
For wether clere and mesurable winde
As they may best bere theyr sayles to make spede
And streyght after this there came to me in dede
Another man who named him selfe a ranger
And sayd all of his crafte be farr e brought in daunger
For lacke of lyuing which chiefly is wyndfall
But he playnly sayth there bloweth no winde at all
Wherfore he despyeth for encrees of theyr fleesys
Extreme rage of winde trees to tree in peces
Then came a water myller and he cried out
For water and sayde the wynde was stoute
The rayne coulde not fall wherfore he made request
For plente of rayne to set the winde at rest
And then sy there came a winde myller in
Who sayd for the rayne he colde no winde win
The water he wyght to be banisht all
Beseching your grace of winde continuall
Then came there another that wolde banyshe all this
A
A good

A goodly dame an ydel thyngge ywys
 Wynde rayne noz froste noz sonshyne woulde she haue
 But saye close wether her beauty to saue
 Then came there another that lyueth by laundry
 Who must haue wether hote and clere her clothes to dye
 Then came there a boy for frost and snow continuall
 Snow to make snow balles and froste for his pyfall
 For which god wote he seweth full gredely
 Your fyrst man would haue wether clere and not wyndy
 The seconde the same saue cooles to blow meany
 The thyrde delyred stormes and wynde moste extremely
 The fourth al in water and wolde haue no wynde
 The fyft no water but al winde to grinde
 The sixt would haue none of all these noz no bright son
 The seuenth extremely the hote son would haue wonne
 The eyght and the last for frost and snow he prayd
 By lady we shall take shame I am afrayd
 Who marketh in what maner this sort is led
 May thynke it impossible al to be sped
 This number is smalle there lacketh twayne of ten
 And yet by the masse amonge ten thousand men
 No one thinge coulde stande moze wyde from the other
 Not one of their sevotes agreeth with an other
 I promyse you here is a shrewd pece of warke
 This gere will trie wether ye be a clarke
 Yf ye trust to me it is a great folp
 For it passeth my braynes by goddes body.

C Jupiter.

Son thou hast ben diligent and done so well
 That thy labour is right muche thanke woorthy
 But be thou suer we nede no whit thy counsell
 For in our selfe we haue foresene remedy
 Which thou shalt see but first departe hence quickly

To

To the gentylman and all other sewters here
And commaunde them all befoze vs to appere.

My report.

That shalbe no lenger in doynge
Then I am in commynge and goynge

My report goeth out.

Jupiter.

Suche debates from aboue ye haue herde
Suche debate beneth amonge your selves ye se
As longe as heddes from temperaunce be deserde
So longe the bodyes in distemperaunce be
This perceiue ye all but none can helpe saue we
But as we there haue made peace concordantly
So woll we here now geue you remedy.

My report and al the sewters entreth.

My report.

If I had cought them
Or euer I rought them
I woulde haue taught them
To be nere me
ful dere haue I bought them
Lord so I sought them
Her haue I brought them
Such as they be.

Gentilman.

Pleaseth it your maiestie lorde so it is
We as your subiectes and humble sewters al
According as we here your pleasure is
Are ptesed as your ptesens beyng principal
Hed and gouernour of all in euery place
Who ioyeth not is your syght no ioy can haue
Wherfoze wee all committe vs to your grace
As lorde of lordes vs to peryshe or saue.

If

Jupiter

Jupiter.
As longe as discrecion so well doth you gyde
Obediently to vse your duety
Doute ye not we shall your sauete prouyde
Your greues we haue harde wherfore we sent for ye
To receyue answer eche man in his Degre
And fyrst to content most reason it is
The fyrst man that sewde wherfore marke ye this
Oft shall ye haue the wether clere and styll
To hunte in for recompence of your payne
Also you marchauntes shall haue muche your wylle
For oftymes when no wynde on lande doth remayne
Yet on the sea pleasaunt cooles you shall obtayne
And syns your huntynge may rest in the nyght
Ofte shall the wynde then ryse and before daylyght

It shall ratell downe the woode in suche case
That all ye rangers the better lyue maye
And ye water myllers shal obtayne this grace
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey
When at the selfe tymes on hylles we shall puruey
Fayre wether for your widmilles with such cooles of wid
As in one instaunt both kyndes of mylles may grynde

And for ye fayre woman that close wether would haue
We shall prouyde that ye may sufficiently
Haue tyme to walke in and your beauty saue
And yet shall ye haue that lyueth by laundry
The hote sunne ofte ynough pour clothes to drye
Also ye praty childe shall haue both frost and snow
Nowe marke this conclusion we charge you atowe

Muche better haue we now deuyfed for ye all

Then

Then ye can perceue or coulde despye
Eche of you sewed to haue contynuall
Suche wether as his crafte onely doth requyre
All wethers in all places if men all tymes myght hyer
Who coulde lyue by other what is this negligence
As to attempt in suche inconuenience.

Now on the other side if we had graunted
The full of the some one sewte and no mo
And from all the reste the wether had forbyd
Yet who so hadde obtayned had wonne his owne wo
There is none crafte can preserue man so
But by other craftes of necessitie
He must haue muche parte of his commodite

All to serue at ones and one destroy an other
Or elles to serue one and destroye all the rest
Noether wyll we do the one nor the other
But serue as many or as fewe as we thinke best
And where or what tyme to serue moste or leste
The dyrection of that doubtles shall stande
Perpetually in the power of our hande.

Wherefore we wyll the hole worlde to attende
Eche sorte on suche wether as for them doth fall
Now one now other as lyketh vs to sende
Who that hath it pleye it and suer we shall
So gyde the wether in course to you all
That eche with other ye shall hole remayne
In pleasure and plentyfull welth certayne.

¶ Gentilwoman.

Blessed was the tyme wherin we were borne
First for the blyssfull chaunce of your godly presence

Nert for our seute was there neuer man beforne
That euer harde so excellent a sentence
As your grace hath geuen to vs all arobo
Wherin your highnes hath so bountifull
Distrybuted my parte that your grace shall know
Your selfe soole possessed of hertes of all chynalry
Marchaunt.

Lyke wyse we marchauntes shall yelde vs holy
Onely to laude the name of Jupiter
As god of all goddes you to serue soonly
For of every thyng I see you are nourisher
Ranger.

No doute it is so for so we now fynde
Wherin your grace vs rangers so doth bynde
That we shall gyue you our hertes with one accorde
For knowledoe to know you as our onely lord.

Water myller.

Well I can no more but for our water
we shall geue your lordshyp our ladyes sauter.

Wyndmyller.

Muche haue ye bounde vs for as I be saued
we haue all obteyned better then we craued.

Gentylwoman.

That is true wherfore your grace shall truely
The hertes of suche as I am haue surely.

Launder.

And suche as I am who be as good as you
His highnes shall be suer on I make a bowe.

Soye

Godfather god I wyll do somewhat for you agayne
By chryste ye maye happe to haue a byrde or twayne
And I promyse yf any snowe come
When I make my snow ballys ye shall haue some.

Myrr

CVery report.

God thake your lordshyp lo how this is brought to pas
Syz now shal ye haue the wether euen as it was.

CJupiter.

! We nede no whit our selves any farther to boast
For our dedes declare vs apparauntly
Not onely here on earth in euery cost
But also aboue in the heauenly company
Our prudence hath made peace vniuersally
Whiche thing we say recozdeyth vs as principall
God and gouernour of heauen yearth and all.

Now vnto that heauen we woll moste retourne
Where we be glorified most triumphantly
Also we woll all ye that on yearth so tourne
Since cause geueth cause to knowe vs your lord onely
And nowe here to singe most ioyfully
Reioysing in vs and in meane time we shall
Ascende into our trone celestiall.

CFinis.

Imprinted at Lon-
don in Paules Churche yearde, at the
Sygne of the Sunne, by Antho-
nie Kytson.